

From the sunny morning
To the starry night,
Every look and motion
Meets our Father's sight.

From our earliest breath
To our latest year,
Every sound we utter,
Meets our Father's ear.

Through our earthly journey,
Whoso'er we go,
Every thought and feeling
Doth our Father know.

Let us, then, be careful
That our looks shall be
Brave and kind and cheerful
For our Lord to see.

Help us, O our Father!
Hear our earnest plea—
Teach thy little children,
How to live for thee!

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A TRUE STORY.

How long ago exactly I cannot tell—but long enough for two little boys to have grown into two great men, and you can judge how long ago that was as well as I—there lived in a gentleman's family in England a pretty housemaid and an honest young coachman. And in course of time—how much time or how little I cannot say, for this is a matter in which it is not so easy to judge of time—the housemaid and the coachman fell in love. It was a very foolish thing to do, of course; but people do foolish things occasionally, even so foolish as that, and I don't know any better way than for wise people like you and me, to look on and say, "I'm so glad it was not I!" and then walk off.

The coachman's name, by the way, was John, and the housemaid they called Susan.

So one day, when Susan was standing in the garden door with a clean white apron on, and a cruel pink ribbon on her hair, John came by with the silver handled whip in his hand, which he was just going to polish up. Said he, "Susan, I don't like these goings-on with the butler, and that's the truth."

Said Susan, just turning her head so that the unkindness of that merciless little pink ribbon shone like a star in her beautiful black hair, "And what if I do take a walk with the butler of an evening when I like? Is it any man's business, John Jacobs?"

"I don't know as it is," said John, reflectively; it had never struck him in that light before. He wished it were his business with all his heart, but he wouldn't say so; and Susan wished the same, you may be sure, but she couldn't say so; so he went away to the great coach-house with his whip, and Susan sat down on the steps with her thoughts. And so, pretty soon, when the honest coachman came back, the pretty housemaid was crying.

Said John, "Why, Susan?"
Said Susan, "G-g-g away!"
Said John, "You don't mean as you cared because I was cross to you?"

Sobbed Susan, "I d-d-don't know-ow!"
Said John, "Susan, will you have me?"

Said Susan, "Yes, I will."
Now, I'm not going to write you a love-story, because I don't believe the editor would think that was proper; but as I had to tell you about John and Susan, because that was the beginning of everything, perhaps the editor will excuse us this time.

At least, that's the short of it, that generally is the short of it; the long of it comes afterwards.

The long of it came to John and Susan when their children came. Two at a time, to begin with; twin boys; "beautiful" boys, their mother said; "bouncing" boys, their father said; and their names were Titus and Tam o' Shanter. And before Titus and Tam were able to walk across the kitchen to the molasses-jug on their own feet, dear me! bless it! there was another!

"But she's a girl," said John, "and won't cost so much."

For John had just reached that desperate point in a young man's life when he first begins to suspect that it costs five times as much to support five people as it does to support one. This is a great discovery in domestic science, which you will observe, as you grow older, people seldom do make till they have five people to support.

But then, you see, when the little girl (I think her name was Betty; but I can't be quite sure) was beginning to talk, she had a little sister to talk to; and that was serious.

Said John, decidedly, "My dear, we can never manage in the world. How's one coachman's wages to do all this?"

Said Susan, dejectedly, (for the baby and one twin had cried all night), "I don't know, John. Can't we go to America?"

"And what should we do in America?" said John.

"Live!" said Susan; and her tired black eyes snapped.

Well, the long and short of that was, they came to Nebraska; and here perhaps, my story should properly begin.

So long ago as it takes for little boys to grow to great men, it was not so easy to live in Nebraska as it is now, when the great land commissioner of the great railroads hangs a buffalo's head in every depot in Boston, to show the world how much more delightful is the society of buffaloes than the society of Bostonians.

When John, and Susan, and Titus, and Tam o' Shanter, and Betty, and the new baby came to Nebraska that plucky stage was, for the most part, an ugly howling wilderness.

In the thick of the wilderness Mr. and Mrs. John Jacobs dug out for themselves a home. Literally, they dug it out with

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JAN. 6, 1876.

NUMBER 1.

their very own hands. Susan was a tough little woman, with stout hands and a stout heart, and she dug too. I think, if the truth must be told, she rather enjoyed leaving Titus and Tam with the other babies,—there's no guessing how much one baby will take of another till you've tried,—and taking an ax to help her husband fell trees and cut underbrush, or taking a hoe to hoe her row in the darling little garden, out of which they meant to make a living, if they died for it.

It was only because they meant to, so very hard, I fancy, that they made the living without dying for it. It was almost worse, at first, than coachman's wages in Mother England. There was the newness, and there was the homesickness, and there was the distance from the market, and there was the bitter cold and there was the blighting heat, and always there were the babies, and, besides, there were the Indians.

Yes, an Indian story. "Truly, honestly," as my little friend Trotty would say, "a live Indian story; and though it isn't a very long one, it is every word a true one. Most true things are not very long in this world, unless you except the moral law and the multiplication table, or a few such thing as that."

John and Susan, and Tam, and Titus, and Betty, and the new baby, and the newest new baby (when it came) got along pretty well with everything else; but it wasn't pleasant to see an Indian come walking by with a tomahawk just as you are quietly sitting down to supper; and they got a little tired of sleeping with one ear open, listening for the awful, echoing sound of the cruel Indian war-who; and whatever may be urged against life as a coachman in England, at least it was a life in which one's attention wasn't called so frequently to the top of one's head.

"Mine is fairly sore," laughed Susan, "with thinking how it will feel to be scalped."

But Susan was such a brave little woman! And if there is anything very much needed in this world, it is brave women.

"I'll have a gun," she said. So she had a gun. "I'll be a good shot," she said. And quickly she became as good a shot as John. And when John was at work in the woods or the garden, Susan gathered her brood about her in the house and lynx-eyed as a sentry, and fine-eared as a mother, mounted guard.

Now, there came a time when nobody had seen any Indians for so long a while, that even the wise heart of the mother forgot to fear. So quickly we forget to feel keenly about anything in this world, if we not see it,—an absent duty, or an absent friend, or an absent terror—all alike they grow a trifle dim or dull.

And one day, when Titus and Tam said, "Just one gallop on the prairie, mother, with old Jerusalem," their mother said, "Well, I don't know," and their father said, "I guess I'd let 'em," and the lynx eyes, and the keen ears, and the wise head of the mother said her not nay—and so it happened.

Old Jerusalem was the big white horse; the faithful, ugly, grand old horse, that took steps almost as long as a kangaroo's, and was more afraid of an Indian than Titus or Tam.

So Susan kissed Titus good-bye tenderly—for he was the good boy of those remarkable twins—and that was why they called him Titus; and kissed Tam a little more tenderly still, because he wasn't so good as Titus, and so had got called Tam; and she said, "Hold on tight!" and John came out and said, "Come home pretty soon," and Tam got on first, and Titus got on behind him, and Jerusalem gave one great bound, and away they shot, clinging with shining bare feet to Jerusalem's white bare back—for they were magnificent little riders, seven years old now, and brave as cubs.

Susan stood watching them after John had gone back to his work—stood watching long after they had swooped away into the great, green, beautiful sea of the treacherous prairie grass.

Uneasy? Not exactly. Sorry she had let them go? Hardly that. She was a sensible little woman; and having done what she thought was right, had no idea of being troubled by it, till the time came. But still she stood watching, her hand above her eyes—this way—and she did not go into the house till the newest new baby had cried at least five minutes at the top of its new little lungs.

Titus and Tam and Jerusalem got pretty far out on the beautiful, terrible prairie. How beautiful it was! It did not seem as if it ever could be terrible if it tried. The green waves of the soft grass rolled madly. The wind was high. The sun was so bright they could not look at it. The strong horse bounded with mighty leaps. The boys could feel the muscles quivering and drawn tense in his soft, warm body, as they clung. It was like being a horse yourself. They did not know which was horse and which was boy.

They laughed because they could not help it, and shouted because they did not know it. Hi! Hi! O, the sun, and the mad grass, and the wild wind! Hi! Hi! Yi! Yi! Who could be two boys on such a prairie, on such a day, on such a horse, and not yell like little wildcats?

"It's pretty," said Titus, softly, when they had got tired of yelling.

"You bet!" said Tam, loudly. "Hi! Hi! Hi! Vi-ee-ee!"

"I guess we ought to go back," said Titus, pretty soon; Titus was so much more likely to remember to be good.

"O, no," said Tam, who was generally a little bad when there was a chance. "Father said to come home pretty soon," said Titus.

"But," urged Tam with a bright air, "mother said to hold on tight! Hi! Yi! Yi!"

Ah! what was that? What was it? Could Jerusalem answer? Can the wild wind talk? Will the mad prairie speak? The sunshine is tongue-tied, and the great sky is dumb. But something answered Tam O'Shanter's shout.

O, there! O, Titus! Quick, quick, quick! Turn him round, Tam! Turn Jerusalem round! Injuns! Injuns! O, I wish we hadn't come! What shall we do, what shall we do! O, Tam, they've all got horses, and they're coming straight! Get up! Get up! O, Jerusalem, do hurry! Old fellow, do get us home! Good boy! Good old fellow!

O, Tam! They've got arrows, and they're going to—shoot!

Pretty little Mrs. Jacobs had got the newest baby to sleep, and got the baby that wasn't quite so new to sleep, and given Betty her patchwork, and sent her husband out his beer, and swept the kitchen, and built the fire, and started supper on the way, and I don't know what else besides, when that fine something of hers detected, through the sound of the wind upon the prairie, a sharp, uneven, and to her notion, rather ugly sound.

Betty was sitting in the door, but she heard nothing. The sleeping babies did not stir from their baby dreams. John was in the garden, but John heard never a sound.

Only the mother heard it. Only the mother grew lynx-eyed in an instant, and in an instant was out with hand upraised—just so, again—bareheaded, stern-mouthed, anxious-hearted, watching as those watch who have lived much face to face with death—without a word. She did not even call her husband. The time had not come to speak.

It may have been three minutes; it might have been less or more; who could tell! when John Jacobs, digging heavily over an obstinate potato, felt a hand laid lightly upon his shoulder. His wife stood beside him. She was as pale as one many hours dead; but she stood quite still.

"John," she said, in a low voice, "come into the house a minute."

He obeyed her in silence and wonder. He just dropped his hoe and went.

"Now shut the door," said Susan. He shut it. "Shut the windows."

"What's the matter, Susan? Anything wrong? Ain't the boys in? What? You don't mean—"

"Hush-ah! Before the children! Don't John! I'll tell you in a minute. Bolt the front door!"

He bolted it.

"Look everything. Draw the shutters. Fasten them with case-knives besides the buttons. Is the cellar door tight? Retty, take care of the babies a minute for mother. John, come here!"

She led him to the little attic, and from the narrow, three-cornered window pointed to the prairie, still without a word.

And still, how beautiful it was! How the wind played like one gone crazy for joy with the tender tops of the unbroken, unbounded grass. And soft, as if the world had come to sleep for very safety, fell the magnificent western sun. Beautiful, terrible, treacherous thing!

Cutting through the soft horizon line, sharp as the knife through shrinking flesh, six dark figures loomed against the sky. Wildly before them, with the gigantic strides of a long-stepped roadster, fled a big, gaunt, homely, grand, old horse. And clinging with little bright bare feet to his white sides, and clinging with little despairing arms to one another—

"My God! They are our boys!"

John Jacobs threw up his arms and ran.

Quick as woman's thought ran, his wife was before him and bolted the attic door.

"Where are you going, John?"

She spoke, he thought, in her natural tones, though she trembled horribly. Where was he going? Why, to meet them, save them—get his gun—blow those devils' brains out—what did she mean? Why did she keep him? Quick, quick! Open the door!

"My husband," said Susan, still in those strangely quiet tones, "we cannot save our boys. Look for yourself and see. They will be shot before they reach the house. We have three children left. You must save them, and for their sakes, yourself, John. Keep the door locked. Keep the windows barred. Keep the shutters drawn. Give me the pistol and my gun. Take your own gun and guard the door. There's a chance that they'll live to get here and be let in. But not one step outside that door, John Jacobs, as you're the father of three living children! O, John, John, John! My poor little boys!"

He thought he would have broken down at that. He thought he could never get her from the attic floor, where she lay trembling in that horrid way, with her chin on the window-sill, and her eyes set upon the six dark figures, and the grand, old, ugly horse, upon which the slipping, reeling, hopeless, precious burden clung. But all he could hear her say was, "Mother's poor little boys!"

Mother's poor little boys indeed and indeed! Leap your mighty leaps, Jerusalem—they're none too large; your great legs, that Tam and Titus have so often made fun of, are none too long for their business now. How the splendid muscles throbbed beneath the tiny, terrified bare feet! No wondering which was horse and which was boy this time. It was all horse now. There was no will, no muscle, no nerve, no soul, but the brave soul of old Jerusalem. Will he get us home? Can he ever, ever keep ahead so long? O, how the arrows fly by! We shall be hit, we shall be hit! O, mother, mother, mother!

"Tam, why doesn't father come to meet us? Why don't they do something for us, Tam? Has mother forgotten us?"

That I think, must have been the cruellest minute in all the cruel minutes of the cruel story.

And yet perhaps not so cruel as the minute, when the mother, at the attic window, gave one long, low, echoing cry, and came staggering from her post down stairs to say—still in that strange voice that mothers such as she will have at such a minute, "John, they are hit; the arrow struck them both. Let me go to the kitchen-window. You stay at the door. There's just a moment now."

Now John could not see anything but the mighty form of the horse Jerusalem. To this day, he says that the saddle, to his eyes, as the magnificent creature leaped by, was empty as air. He only saw the horse—and the horse made straight for the barn.

But why did the savages pursue a riderless horse? And whooping and shooting cruelly after it, into the barn they plunged.

"The boys are on the horse," in a hoarse whisper said the mother; "I saw them both. They are bleeding and falling. The arrow has pinned them together, John, but they've kept their seat."

"My boys are pretty good riders," said John, turning his white face round with a grim fathers pride, even then; "but even my boys can't keep a horse after they're shot through the body. Fright has surely turned your brain, Susan."

I tell the story just as it was told to me; and the way of that was this: how Jerusalem leaped into the barn, with the boys, or so the mother thought, bleeding upon his back; how the savages scoured the barn, and the yard, the garden, plundered a little here and there, and fitfully attacked at intervals the barricaded house; how John, brave and white at one door and Susan white and brave at the other, abundance of powder and unflinching hearts, and the love of three helpless babies drove them by and by sullenly away; how when they had been a long, safe hour gone, the parents, shivering and sad, crept out with white lips, little by little as they dared, to hunt for the bodies of the murdered boys.

"They ain't in the barn," said the father, bringing his hand heavily across his eyes. "I'll go to the woods, I suppose they scalped the little fellows and left them there."

But the mother, when he was gone, went around and around stealthily as a cat about the barn. Ah, blessings forever on the mother's ear, and blessings on the mother's eye!

From out a pile of fresh earth thrown up in the barn yard, a little stream of blood came trickling down—and she saw it. Deep from the middle of the mound a little cry came, faint, terror-stricken, smothered—but for all that, she heard it.

To be sure. When Jerusalem—bless him!—went leaping through the barn door, just an arrow's length ahead of his pursuers, off tumbled Tam and Titus, and out into the barn-yard, and down into the pile of mud and gravel, deep and safe. And about and about, and here and there, the Indians had searched and scoured, and grumbled—and gone: and there they were.

Pinned together with the arrow? Truly, yes. Just under the shoulder (and Titus had the worst hurt, as will sometimes happen with good boys); and how they ever did it, and lived, I don't know.

I'm sure they never would have, but for their brave, black-eyed little mother, who picked them up and washed them off, and carried them in (but she pulled out the arrow first), and put them to bed and bandaged, and contrived, and cared, and kissed, and cried, and prayed—and they got well. Probably if she had lived in the city of Boston, where there are two medical schools, or in Philadelphia, where there are three more, or in New York where there are five, to say nothing of nobody knows how many full-fledged doctors, the boys would have died. But as she lived in a howling wilderness, and they had nothing but clean water, and soft bandages, and mother's eyes and hands and love to get well upon, they lived.

They lived to be six feet high; and as

they are living now, I presume they measure six feet still.

It is a pretty large story, I know; but it is a true one, for I've seen the arrow. John gave the arrow to a gentleman; and the gentleman gave it to his daughter; and the daughter—no, she wouldn't give it to me; but I held it for five minutes in the very hand with which I write these words. And if that doesn't prove that the story is true, what is there that could?

And Jerusalem? O, Jerusalem, lived to a green old age, and was buried in the barn-yard with great honors. And Tam and Titus cried, and John and Susan cried, and Betty cried, and the new, and the newest, and the very newest, and the very, very newest, and all the babies cried; and it would have been very sad, if it hadn't been a little funny.

But I think, take it all together, it was an Arrow Escape.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Wide Awake.

Wanted, a Minister.

A newspaper in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, published the following among its advertisements the other day:

WANTED—A rector for St. James' Parish, Milwaukee, Wis. He must possess all the Christian graces, and a few worldly ones; must have such tact and disposition as will enable him to side with all parties in the parish on all points, giving offense to none; should possess a will of his own, but agree with all the vestry; must be socially inclined and of dignified manners; affable to all, neither running after the wealthy nor turning his back upon the poor; a man of High-Low Church tendencies preferred; must be willing to preach first-class sermons and do first-class work at second class compensation, salary should not be so much an object as the desire to be a zealous laborer in the vineyard; should be able to convince all that they are miserable sinners without giving offense; each sermon must be short and complete in itself—full of old fashioned theology in modern dress—deep, but popular, and free from the eloquence peculiar to newly-graduated theologians; should be young enough to be enthusiastic, but possess the judgment of one of riper years and experience. He only who possesses the above qualifications need apply. To such a one will be given steady employment for a term of years. For further information apply to any member of the congregation.

Women's Age.

Helen of Troy was over 40 when she perpetrated the most famous elopement on record, and, as the siege of Troy lasted a decade, she must have been quite elderly when the ill-fortune of Paris restored her to her husband, who is reported to have received her with unquestioning love and gratitude. Pericles wedded Aspasia when she was 36, and yet afterward, for thirty years or more, she held an undiminished reputation for beauty. Cleopatra was past 30 when Antony fell under her spell, which never lessened until her death, nearly ten years after. Livius was 33 when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained her ascendancy to the last. The extraordinary Diane de Poitiers was 36 when Henry II. of France (then Duke of Orleans, and just half her age) became attached to her, and she was held as the first lady and most beautiful woman at court up to the period of the monarch's death, and so the accession to power of Catherine de Medicis. Anne of Austria was 38 when she was the handsomest Queen of Europe, and when Buckingham and Richelieu were her jealous admirers. Ninon de l'Enclos, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of three generations of the golden youth of France, and was 72 when the Abbe de Bernis fell in love with her. A rare combination of culture, talents and personal attractions endowed their possessor seemingly with the gifts of eternal youth. Bianca Capello was 38 when the Grand Duke Francis of Florence fell captive to her charms, and made her his wife though he was five years her junior. Louis XIV. wedded Mme. de Maintenon when she was 43 years old. Catherine II. of Russia was 33 when she seized the Empire and captivated the dashing young Orloff. Up to the time of her death (at 67), she seems to have retained the same bewitching powers, for the lamentations were heartfelt among all those who had ever known her personally. Mdle. Mar, the tragedienne, only attained the zenith of her beauty and power between 40 and 45, when the loveliness of her hands and arms especially was declared throughout Europe. Mme. Recamier was 38 when she was, without dispute, declared to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, which rank she held for fifteen years.

A young man in Rockford, Ill., promised to marry Emma, and then became involved with Mary, who had him arrested. "You will be sent to the penitentiary if you do not marry her," said the Judge, referring to Mary. Thereupon, Emma stepped up to the prisoner and advised him not to mind about her, but to save himself by marrying Mary; which the wretch did.

The Innocent Old Lady.

She lives down on Baker street, and she has a daughter about eighteen years old. The old lady retains all her simplicity and innocence, and she doesn't go a cent on style. The other evening when a "splendid catch" called to escort the daughter to the opera the mother wouldn't take the hint to keep still, and wouldn't help carry out the daughter's idea that they had wealth. While helping her daughter get ready she asked:

"Mary, are you going to wear the shoes with one heel off, or the pair with holes in 'em?"

Mary didn't seem to hear, and the mother inquired:

"Are you going to wear that dollar gold chain and that washed locket, or will you wear the diamond father bought at the hardware store?"

Mary winked at her, and the young man blushed, but the old lady went on:

"Are you going to borrow Mrs. Brown's shawl, or will you wear mine?"

Mary bustled around the room, and the mother said:

"Be careful of your dress, Mary; you know it's the only one you've got, and you can't have another until the mortgage on this place is lifted."

Mary remarked to her escort that it promised to be a beautiful evening, and as she buttoned her glove her mother asked:

"Those are Mrs. Hardy's gloves, ain't they? She's been a good neighbor to us, and I don't know how you'd manage to go anywhere if she didn't live near us."

Mary was hurrying to get out of the room, when her mother raised her voice once more, and asked:

"Did you run in to Mrs. Jewett's and borrow her bracelets and fan? Yes, I see you did. Well, now you look real stylish, and I hope you'll have a good time."

Mary sits by her window in the pale moonlight and sighs for the splendid young man to come and bear her around some more, but he hasn't been seen up that way since that night. The old lady, too, says that he seemed like a nice young man, and she hopes he hasn't been killed by the street cars.—Detroit Free Press.

Golden Grains.

If a borrower comes, lend him your ear.

Women always give more than they promise—men less.

He can never speak well who can never hold his tongue. He who can talk only on one subject is seldom wanted.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

Sooner or later we pardon our friends the injuries we have done them.

Love is like liquor; men say it is killing them, but they always come back to it.

Not every one who has the gift of speech understands the value of silence.

Unfriendly, indeed, is he who has no friend bold enough to point out his faults.

There is no such thing as liberty—for no man is free if he is the slave of his conscience.

Weigh others as you would be weighed yourself, and the scales would have a sinecure.

If you become famous, beware of the fools, for they always gather around the people who are stared at.

A note from a woman, no matter how tender, is a sight draft on you—and you must always pay in some coin or other.

Young vows of everlasting friendship are foolish. If ever kept they are kept by accident—not by resolution.

To Much Marrying.

There is altogether too much marrying by form of law those who at the most are only a third or half married in other ways; and there is altogether too much urging and coaxing and alluring young people into the most important and sacred of all human relations before they are prepared or moved to assume its burdens, and by those who ought to know better and act with more consideration. We make too much of marrying and being married, until it is thought by many people somewhat of a disgrace for a woman to pass through life alone, when, in fact the life of many a single woman is poetry, romance, rapture even, in comparison with that of many a wife. So there is a vast deal of marrying with very little real marrying; a vast deal of discontent, heartache, misery, hypocrisy, and unmarrying at the last. What we want is, not a mere stringent divorce law, but a better understanding of the moral law, which forbids the marrying of those not already one; not less marrying, but less marrying where there is no real marrying. And above all, let there be no inciting or bribing those to marry who are not drawn to each other, and held inseparably together by qualities of mind and soul.—Ec.

It took Sir Isaac Newton less than three years to thoroughly digest the principles of gravitation, while an Indiana farmer has spent eleven years trying to find out why a cow never kicks until the pail is two-thirds full.

"Let Me Wear Two."

man beings

life of Sir David Baird, supplies a knock-

ing illustration of self-denying love:

Baird, then a young officer, and several other gentlemen of the British Army, had fallen into the hands of their enemy, Tippoo Saib, and were thrown into a dungeon, where they endured great miseries, heightened by the fact that some of the party (Baird included) were suffering from wounds. One day they were alarmed by the sound of a great clanking of iron outside of their prison, and their fears were not lightened when the massive door unclosed, and a party of natives, bearing heavy sets of fetters, entered and flung down the irons on the floor of the dungeon. They were followed by a swarthy official of the tyrant, who gave command that a pair of fetters should be fastened on the limbs of each of the captives.

Then a gray-haired officer amongst the English came forward. He was himself scarred with many a wound; but thoughtless of self, he pointed to young Baird, and besought mercy for him. "That officer," he said, "has been wounded on the leg, the wound is yet green; to put a fetter upon it, would cause his certain death."

What cared the barbarous Asiatic whether the captive lived or died? His orders were simple and could not be changed. He gave reply that there were just as many pairs of fetters as there prisoners, and that, come what might, all must be worn!

"Then, let me wear two," said the gray-haired hero.

I know not whether the generous request was granted; it seems probable that it was so, as Baird lived to quit his dungeon, and to enter as a triumphant victor, the city which had been the scene of his sufferings; while the man who had offered to wear his fetters, died in the prison of Tippoo!

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
PORT LEWIS SELINBY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Clubs of ten, 1.25
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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JAN. 6, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes.

At the 2:45 p. m. service on the Sunday after Christmas, Dec. 26th, there was an unusually large congregation of deaf-mutes. They all seemed much interested in the service, the sermon and the Christmas decorations. Over the altar was a beautiful cross in gas jets, the gift of a gentleman of the parish. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet preached from 1 Peter v., 5—"Be ye clothed with humility." He sketched the scene of our Saviour's birth, and showed how all the actors in it, Joseph and Mary, the shepherds and the angels, and above all the infant Jesus himself, were persons of a humble spirit. He closed with an earnest exhortation to the congregation to cultivate the Christian grace of humility.

Christmas at the National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

This great festival of the Church brought comfort and joy to the inmates of this Home. The kind friends there who are watching over them, provided appropriate gifts for each one. These were distributed at the breakfast table. Other thoughtful friends sent in a large quantity of good things for the Christmas dinner. It is to be hoped that as the years pass on, this much needed institution will be able to accommodate a larger number of inmates, who will enjoy the special pleasures of Christmas-tide.

Pleasant Entertainment.

In accordance with the published notice, the deaf-mute church service and festival took place on Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th. There were thirty deaf and dumb ladies and gentlemen present, which was not as large a number of deaf-mutes as was reasonably expected would be in attendance. By far the larger proportion of those at the festival were speaking persons, notice having been published that the citizens and public in general would be welcomed at the entertainment.

Among the deaf-mutes who came, were Mr. S. A. Taber, Treasurer of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, who acted as treasurer of the festival, also Messrs. J. R. Finn, Recording Secretary, and E. P. Wood, Central New York Manager of that association; Mr. Wm. Martin Chamberlain, formerly of Marblehead, Mass., but now a teacher in the Central New York Institution for Deaf-mutes at Rome, and others from different parts of the State. Of hearing persons, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-mutes, New York, and many others among whom were several of our prominent citizens, were present. It being the evening of the performing of an Oratorio at the Methodist Episcopal church, in our village, was sufficient cause for some of our hearing friends not being able to attend. It is to be regretted that more deaf-mutes did not embrace the opportunity to attend the evening service and enjoy the social festivities of the night. Aside from there being a rather limited attendance of deaf-mutes, the occasion was in all respects and in every particular a success. Everybody attested that the results were highly gratifying and satisfactory. The weather was beautiful, almost equal to an Indian summer. Good order and the utmost decorum prevailed throughout the entire night.

At 7 p. m., Rev. Dr. Gallaudet who had arrived by the 4:06 p. m. train, conducted the service in Grace Church, Rev. W. L. Parker, Rector, reading the evening prayer, and the Doctor interpreting for the benefit of the deaf-mutes. Upon the wall, just beneath the chancel window, were the following words in large letters, "Glad tidings of great joy," from which Dr. Gallaudet took the theme for his discourse. He dwelt at some length upon the scene of the humble birth of our Saviour, and gave a glowing account of Christ's advent and mission of love in coming into the world to save the lost. His remarks contained many good exhortations and were deeply appreciated by the mutes present. At the conclusion of the service the audience proceeded to Mayo Hall nearly opposite to

celebrate the festival. Suppers were provided for those who desired, and for others courses were served on the European plan. The bill of fare was such as would abundantly supply the cravings of appetite or be relished by an epicure. We have yet to learn of a single instance of a guest going away complaining of a "gnawing" at the stomach. Soon music for dancing was furnished by a violinist, who was afterwards assisted by two members of our Helicon Band till the end. Those who are given to the recreation, employed their time in dancing very diligently and gracefully, both deaf-mute and hearing guests, till 3 A. M., while those disinclined pursued their various ways of amusement and chit chat. At about 10 o'clock, the Helicon Band of this place entered the hall, and discoursed several pieces of beautiful music gratuitously for the benefit of the festival. The fine appearance of the members of the band with their well-burnished silver horns and becoming uniforms, was very much admired by the deaf-mute guests. The music was highly appreciated by the hearing portion of the attendance.

Dancing over various games were played, and other pleasing amusements participated in. One very interesting and amusing feature of the evening's entertainment was the contention for two prize black dolls, the possession of which entitled the holders to be king and queen of the festival. Two different quantities of small cakes were furnished for sale at five cents each, one lot for ladies and the other for gentlemen. Among the ladies' cakes was one cake, inside of which was a little black doll. There was one like it in one of the cakes purchased by the gentlemen. Among the gentlemen who took stock in the cakes, Mr. Wm. Martin Chamberlain was the lucky purchaser of the cake which contained the doll. Of the ladies Miss H. A. Avery met with similar good luck. Mr. Chamberlain and Miss Avery were then crowned, as they stooped to receive the coronation and were paid the homage due to their kingship and her queenship.

A neck-tie social was also included in the programme. Some of our readers, perhaps, are unacquainted with the term. For their benefit we will explain the plan upon which it is played. There were neck-ties consisting of varied styles, colors and qualities. Each lady had a neck-tie which she wore as a rosette. In sealed envelopes were duplicates of those worn by the ladies. These sealed packages were sold to the gentlemen at ten cents each. Upon opening his package, the buyer found a neck-tie of some description, which he pinned on the lapel of his coat and then started off in pursuit of the lady, who wore its mate. After finding the match to his neck-tie the two were the acknowledged partners of each other for the evening. The result of mating neck-ties produced a good deal of merriment among the deaf-mutes. Some of the guests retired a little before and some at the conclusion of the dancing, but many of the hearing and all of the mutes remained and spent the time very happily until old Sol poured forth his sunbeams over the eastern hills. A few even thought the night too short, so pleasantly did the hours glide along. When day-light broadly fell upon the innocent revelry the deaf-mute festival of Dec. 29th, 1875, was unanimously pronounced a successful event of the past.

A pleasant coincidence of events was shown by a beautiful loaf of cake upon the table, a present by Mrs. H. C. Rider to Miss H. A. Avery, upon the top of which was inscribed the following, "H. A. A., Dec. 29, 1875," this being the birthday of Miss Avery, who was not selfish enough to take it home instead of cutting it up and distributing it among the guests.

We take the present occasion to express the hearty thanks of the managers of the festival to the citizens of Mexico and elsewhere for their patronage at the festival, and for kindly uniting with them to make it one of profit and pleasure.

The Itinerary.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Itinerary.

Mr. A. W. MANN, of Flint, Mich., has been visiting and remained over the holidays at his mother's, where his wife has stayed for a while past, in Fairmont, W. Va. He is holding deaf-mute services at different points in the country and is doing much good for his class of individuals. Before he returns to Flint, he expects to hold services at Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Pontiac, Jackson, Chicago, Milwaukee and Grand Rapids. On the evening of Dec. 22d last, he had a service in one of the rooms of the Bethel Association, near Superior St., Cleveland. About twelve deaf-mutes were present at the meeting.

Mrs. W. P. EVANS, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, sends us \$1.50 to pay for a year's subscription to the JOURNAL. She says she was educated at the New York Institution, was a class-mate with Mrs. Alphonso Johnson, Mrs. C. H. Cooper and Miss Harriet J. Roe, and left school nine or ten years ago. Her maiden name was Amelia M. Rogers. She has a twelve months old daughter, who is a very nice, plump child.

Mr. BARTON BEAN has been a resident of Fairmont, W. Va., for over twenty years. He attended the Institution at Staunton long before there were any railway communications in that part of the then State of Virginia. Mounted on horseback in company with an uncle he, at the age of 27, started for the first time for school. The distance was over a hundred miles, and the road lay over mountains nearly all the way. After attending about five years he left and went to Lynchburg where he learned the art and mystery of chair-making. Returning to Fairmont he worked steadily at the trade and accumulated the means with which

to purchase the necessary stock and start a furniture store, which he has continued to keep ever since. He now owns one of the largest furniture stores in the place. By his strictly temperate habits, honesty and industry he has won the respect and confidence of his fellow townsmen. Soon after his starting in business he was united in marriage to a former graduate of the same institution. Four children are the fruit of this union. Mr. and Mrs. Bean have been members of the M. E. Church for many years.

A Kind Letter from a Friend of the National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22, 1875.

DR. GALLAUDET, Dear Sir: It is sufficient for me to know that you are interested in my charity, to appreciate its true worth, and it is my constant prayer that I may be able to do for others more than my ability will now allow, and each day I am made more fully to realize how much Our Father has done and is constantly doing for me, and I feel how futile indeed are my efforts in return for his loving kindness. I have ordered sent to the "Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes," 220 East 15th St., three dozen cans of tomatoes and three dozen cans of corn which I trust will be of some assistance in feeding our poor infirm unfortunates. If this slight gift will afford them as much pleasure as it does happiness to the donor, I shall feel as if I had laid up one more treasure in heaven. With a "Merry Christmas" I remain, with great respect,

Your ob'dt servant,

H. J. M.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

A Short History of its Origin and Growth, at the East—Its Founder—The Persons Engaged in the Work—The Mission at the West.

EDITOR MILWAUKEE SENTINEL:—

Scarcely a quarter of a century has rolled past since the initial steps were taken which culminated in subsequent years, in the formation of what is now known as the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes. Like most great and useful enterprises, this mission had a small beginning, and too, in the process of its growth, it suffered all incidental trials. It had its dark as well as sunny days; but it grew steadily, and quietly extended its usefulness, meanwhile coming gradually into general notice.

It was in the year 1852 that the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, then a teacher at the New York Institution for Deaf-mutes, formed a Bible-class of deaf-mutes in New York city. The meetings of this class were held every Sunday in a small room engaged for the purpose, and were conducted by the reverend gentleman, who continued to be its teacher through successive years. Originally numbering but three persons, this class increased in size rapidly, so it became necessary to engage a larger and more commodious room. Thither the silent congregation resorted every Sabbath to attend Divine worship, which was conducted in the sign-language according to the forms of the Episcopal Church. At about that time Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, then a young man, resigned his position at the institution in order to devote his entire time and energies to the new work, which had all along enlisted his deepest sympathies. Having been brought up among the deaf and dumb, for whom his father had founded the first school on this continent, he had become thoroughly familiar with their language. He was then, as he still is, peculiarly qualified for this special work. One circumstance has tended very strongly to strengthen the bond of love and sympathy between himself and his silent brethren. His own mother, still living, is deprived of the sense of hearing.

It will be pertinent to this story to refer briefly to the place of worship in New York city known as St. Ann's Church for Deaf-mutes. As the congregation continued to increase in size the need of a regularly constituted place of worship was realized. In the course of time a building formerly used by another denomination was purchased and christened by the above title. It stands on West Eighteenth street near Fifth avenue. Services are held twice every Sabbath, in the morning and evening, by the reverend gentleman, who has been so conspicuously mentioned in this brief history. In his absence his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, officiates. A long-standing and endearing debt of an embarrassing nature has been lifted from this parish within the past few years. The small grain of mustard-seed planted years ago by hopeful hands and watched with prayerful care in its growth has at last developed into a large trunk with wide-spreading branches. It has reached the proportions and dignity of a parent stem.

At the East missions sprang up some time after the initial movement which has been referred to. Whenever the opportunity presented itself, Dr. Gallaudet made occasional visits to Albany, Boston and Philadelphia, and made addresses in behalf of the extension of the mission. He also conducted a sign service at every visit. These visits were gradually extended to Troy, Rochester, Buffalo, Baltimore and other places. As the work increased it became necessary to have assistants. The Revs. Thomas B. Berry and Francis I. Clerc, both familiar with the sign language, engaged in the work, the former at Albany and Troy, and occasional visits to Rochester and Buffalo. Mr. Clerc's labors were mainly confined to Philadelphia. But his duties as rector of Burlington College, N. J., having of late engrossed so much of his attention, he has found it impossible to come to Philadelphia, except at very long intervals. Accordingly, Mr. H. W. Syle, a highly educated deaf-mute, has been licensed to read the services. This gentleman has recently been admitted as a

candidate for holy orders. Other lay readers were licensed among the deaf and dumb at the following places: Rochester, N. Y., Allentown, Pa., New Haven, Conn., and Baltimore, Md.

At the West the first mission was started at Flint, Mich., three years ago. Subsequently Jackson and Detroit were included, and periodical visits were made to each mission station by one who was specially licensed by Episcopal authority. In the course of time it was found practicable to include Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee and Grand Rapids, Mich., and hold occasional services. These places are visited at stated times by Mr. A. W. Mann, who has been licensed as a missionary lay reader by Bishop McCloskey, of Michigan.

The number of deaf-mutes in the entire Union is pretty well estimated at 22,000, and will increase slowly with the growth of population. The number of State schools for their education is now over thirty, while those classed as private and day schools will go to swell the number to at least forty-five. The latter class of schools is of recent origin. Now Pittsburg, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati and Baltimore each have one. One of the most important of those schools above-mentioned is the National Deaf-mute College located at Washington City. It is supported by the National Government. It offers to the aspiring deaf-mute the privilege of obtaining a liberal education on an equality with his hearing and speaking compatriots. Many of its graduates now fill positions of instructors at the various State schools. Degrees are conferred there the same as in other colleges.

There are several papers published in the interests of the deaf and dumb. They are mostly conducted by highly educated deaf-mutes. The most important are The Deaf-mutes' Journal, published at Mexico, N. Y., The Silent World, Washington City, and The Chronicle, Columbus, O. The American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb is a periodical published in pamphlet form and devoted to the educational interests of this class. It is supported by the different institutions as well as by subscriptions.

In the large cities the deaf-mute graduates generally form themselves into associations for mutual benefit. They have lectures and religious services. These associations have constitutions and by-laws, and are regularly officered the same as other societies. They have fixed times for holding meetings, the election of officers, etc., etc.

Much more might be said under this head, but space forbids. It will do, however, to remark that the idea of the Mission is to take up the deaf and dumb where the schools leave them and provide for them religious instruction. Their condition for a long time has been that of a class neglected in spiritual matters.

MARRIED:

JEWELL—WAGER.—In Onondaga, at the residence of Philip Wager, Esq., December 30th, by Rev. C. T. LeDuc, Mr. Thomas H. Jewell, of New York, to Miss Annie Wager, of Onondaga, N. Y., both graduates of the New York Institution.

[Mr. Jewell is a teacher in the New York Institution, and Miss Wager severed her connection with the Michigan Institution in the same capacity last fall. We extend to the happy pair our hearty congratulations. We tender them our best wishes that they may live long to be kind help-mates to each other. We are pleased to think that our friend Jewell has won a "Wager" which will prove to be to him of far greater value than usual investments of that nature according to the generally accepted meaning of the word.] For our friend, Miss Wager, we can safely predict that she has possessed herself of a prize which will prove to be a "Jewell" of the "first water."]

The Gathering of the Mutes.

They came from Rome, Geneva, Syracuse, nearer and perhaps farther localities, and met first in Grace church to receive religious instruction from Dr. Gallaudet. The usual evening service, read by Rev. Mr. Parker, was translated by the Doctor into the sign language, and even the hymns, as they were sung by the hearing portion of the congregation, were made for them upon his fingers. The text, "Glad tidings of great joy," lay in white words against a ground of green on the chancel window, and we all saw it, but only the mutes heard that Christmas sermon.

From the church they went to Mayo's Hall for the festival, where was furnished a good and bountiful supper or lunch to all who desired and could pay for it. For they were there not only for pleasure, but to raise money to pay off the debt on the beautiful window they had placed in the chancel of Grace church in memory of John W. Chandler, the first President of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association. The time was spent in conversation, dancing and other amusements, by lot or in some other way, Mr. Chamberlain, of the Rome school for mutes, and Miss Avery, of this place, were made king and queen, and arm in arm went around among the crowd. The Helicon band came in through special favor, as we suppose, to the hearing portion of the assembly, and gave some fine music. It was a merry, merry time, and the mutes spent the night in the hall.

We are glad to know that the festival netted about \$60, leaving a balance of \$19 unpaid.—Mexico Independent.

THE SHERIFF'S APPOINTMENTS.—The following is the Sheriff's force as appointed by Dr. Low:

Sheriff—F. S. Low, Pulaski.

Under Sheriff—James Doyle, Oswego.

Deputies—Joseph Simons, Mexico; Thomas Ryan Williamson, Albany; Albert Mowse, jr., Constantia; George Fancher, Central Square; Edward Edick, Parish; N. C. Alvord, Phoenix; Wesley Hendrick, Hannibal; S. P. Dillenbeck, Pulaski; Sherman Clark, jailer at Pulaski.

See how long you can keep your good resolutions!

Oratorio of Belshazzar's Feast, or the Fall of Babylon.

Last week, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, this truly magnificent Oratorio was given to the public in the M. E. church in this place. For the first two nights previous announcement had been given. On these evenings, at an early hour, the house was filled, including the gallery and aisles. Such was the interest manifested in it that it was concluded to repeat it on Thursday evening, at a greatly reduced price, and to dispose of a large number of free tickets to those not supposed to feel able to pay for admission, and thus on short notice the audience was nearly as large as on the first night. The receipts for the three evenings were about \$325.

High expectations had been excited by the great historic interest of the theme, the known superior skill and indefatigable enterprise of the Director, Mr. Lewis Miller, and the fact that no needed outlay of time, pains or money had been wanting to make it a complete success. We think none could have been disappointed. Not a failure or noticeable mistake occurred in any part. Though the music was much of it difficult, the execution was very fine, both in the solos and the choruses. We have never known choruses better performed than on this occasion. Did time and space permit, we would gladly make mention of all the prominent performances. We do not exceed the truth when we say that each was more than creditably, while many parts were splendidly performed.

"Daniel and the Jews in Convocation" was very impressive, illustrative of their continued devotion to God and faith in Him as their final deliverer.

"The Banquet Hall of the Palace" was of much thrilling interest. The Handwriting on the Wall, and the vain attempt of the Magi to interpret was very successfully represented.

The representation of Daniel imploring divine help, and afterward asleep, guarded by an angel, was very touching and beautiful.

The 8th scene, "The Interpretation at the Banquet," was splendidly performed, and involved the devotion of the Fire-worshippers in contrast with the devotion of the Jews; the double chorus of the Jews and Chaldeans; the successful interpretation by Daniel, and the reckless return to the revels of the Feast.

The Camp of Cyrus; the call of the Angel; the summoning and presence of the soldiers, was very finely represented.

The tableaux representing the slaying of Belshazzar and his court, was one of the very finest ever presented to the public.

The solo and choros of Daniel and the Jews was given with very fine effect, as was the solo of the Queen.

The grand choral Finale, in which all, to the number of about sixty, including the Helicon band, appeared on the stage, was worth the price of admission to the Oratorio.

After the Oratorio was completed, and while the audience was dispersing, the Band gave a number of pieces with fine effect.

The prominence of Daniel and Queen Nitocris, personated by Mr. Miller and Miss Julia M. Knight, the amount of singing done by them, and of music very difficult of execution, the compass and flexibility of voice needed, the delicacy of deportment required of them, and the eminence of their performances, entitle them to special honorable mention.

The costume was very fine and appropriate, and all the personations would by most be pronounced faultless.

Finally, the writer's estimate of the performances may be thus expressed: Two years ago he attended the "Oratorio of Belshazzar's Feast," as performed in Wieting Hall, Syracuse, by Syracuse talent, and believes that "Belshazzar's Feast," as performed by Mexico musicians, suffers nothing in comparison. The writer confesses to enthusiasm, but declares himself to be in his right mind.

We congratulate the Mexico public on enjoying so creditably a holiday entertainment, and the "Organ Fund" on making so fine a beginning. SIGMA.

In Every Town and Village person may be found who have been saved from death from consumption by HALE'S HOSEY OF HOREHOUD AND TAR.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Ratio of Taxation in Oswego County.

The following shows the ratio of taxation on \$100 in the towns of Oswego county and in the city of Oswego as fixed and reported by the Supervisors' Committee to apportion taxes and make ratio, compared with last year's rate:

	1875.	1874.
Albion	\$ 2.71	\$ 2.74
Amboy	4.237	3.56
Boylston	2.618	3.25
Constantia	5.237	4.99
Granby	1.853	1.83
Hannibal	2.364	2.30
Hastings	3.55	3.73
Mexico	2.343	2.41
New Haven	2.024	2.21
Orwell	2.784	2.84
Oswego Town	1.055	1.90
Oswego City, east side	2.56	2.47
Oswego City, west side	2.594	2.78
Palermo	2.938	3.05
Parish	4.415	3.79
Redfield	3.239	3.28
Richland	3.08	2.96
Sandy Creek	2.58	2.58
Schroepel	2.243	2.13
Scriba	1.737	1.79
Volney	3.80	3.48
West Monroe	6.41	5.72
Williamstown	4.06	3.35

—Thursday evening William and Robert Dickinson, aged eight and fifteen years respectively, broke through the ice in the river at Oswego and were drowned.

Letter from Colorado.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—In answer to your request and those of many of my friends and acquaintances, I will pen a few lines, to give you some idea of Colorado, its climate and producing qualities.

The climate is very dry and bracing, which qualities make it a very desirable one for those troubled with the asthma. This is not and never will be a farming country, as the greater portion of it is so high that water cannot be got over it, and without irrigation not even a shade tree can be cultivated. Stock raising and mining are chief occupation and always will be.

I arrived here on the 9th of June, 1874, and stopped in and about Denver until November, without being troubled in the least with the asthma. My breathing being free and easy, I gained in strength as well as in flesh, and after being here five months I had gained 18 pounds. I was then feeling as though I could climb to the top of the highest mountain.

In the month of August, I took a trip up on the mountains to a small village called Georgetown about fifty miles from Denver, and has about six hundred inhabitants. I found there two men from Ohio, who had come to Colorado for a pleasure trip. They were well, hearty and robust, and they spoke of going to the top of Grey's Peak, a distance of fourteen miles from Georgetown. I thought I would make the trip with them.

The next morning, after putting two saddles in the wagon, we drove about eight miles, where we hired a guide, who mounted his horse and took the lead. After driving about two miles, we left our wagon and harness, and put the saddles on our horses; but then we were short of one horse. So we changed about until we had gone about two miles further, then we made our horses fast to some rocks, and climb to the top of the mountain, which is 14,250 feet above the level of the sea, and 2,000 feet above the timber line. We took our dinner on the summit of the mountain, 5,798 feet higher than where we had breakfast. We saw hundreds of large mountains below, which made the scenery magnificent. The guide told us that some of the peaks we were looking at, were one hundred miles away; from this you can see that the air must be very clear, for a man 55 years of age to see objects one hundred miles distant with the naked eye.

We returned to Georgetown the same evening. My two companions were very tired, and they conceded that I stood the trip the best of any one of the party. I think I could have made the trip the next day again. When I was in New York State, it troubled me to walk 20 rods. You can see from this what the climate has done for me, who had the asthma.

I came to the conclusion that I had got to spend the remainder of my days here or in some other dry climate. I returned to Denver, and remained until October. During all the summer I kept an eye out for business and I frequently came in contact with men that were in the stock business. I saw that the men that had a herd of cattle were well off financially and most of them men of capital, some being bankers. I made up my mind that this was the business for me, there being no risk as you do not have to feed your cattle from one year to another; simply let them run on the mountains on government land. Consequently I purchased in the month of October, 1874, 862 head of cattle, and in Nov. I started for New York State to arrange my business preparatory to moving to Colorado. I had got no farther than Michigan before I was attacked by the asthma again, and I was not free from it until I returned to Colorado, Dec. 20, 1874, and in the meantime I had lost ten pounds.

On the 15th of February, 1875, I started for the ranch with two teams and wagons and four men, to build fence. We have built about five miles of fence, a log barn 32 by 35 feet. Most all the building here are built of logs. We purchased 862 head of cattle in 1874, and the increase from the herd this season was 220 calves, making them Nov. 20, 1875, 1,080 in number. Nov. 25, we sold 109 head of beef steers, leaving 111 more in the herd than when we first purchased, besides the growth of the yearlings and two year olds. The cost of the 862 head was \$10,510.00; sold 109 beef steers for \$3,851; balance due us from the herd, \$6,659, which we think we will get back in two years more, besides having from 200 to 500 more than when we purchased.

After selling the beef steers, we went to Missouri, and purchased twelve miles from Kansas City, fifteen Short Horned Durham bulls and heifers, to be delivered in June, 1876. They are now living on corn which is worth 25 cts. per bushel. In the damp climate of Missouri, the asthma came upon me, and I have not entirely recovered from it yet, as I have not been back but ten days. So you see it won't do for me to dabble in the damp climates of the east.

We have now pitched our tent in Denver where I think we shall make our home, except during about four months in the hot season of the year, which we spend in the mountains on the ranch where we have a cool breeze all the time. The nights are cool and there is no damp sultry air as you have in the States. The weather here now is as fine as in the month of June; there is no snow; the roads are dry and dusty. The wealth of the town comes out on these fine afternoons with their splendid horses and carriages and drive through the city.

Denver is a fast little place of about 20,000 inhabitants.

Yours truly,

F. WAUGH.

Denver, Col., Dec. 22d, 1875.

—The Board of Supervisors, at the close of their session, on Friday last, presented their chairman, Mr. Selden, with the "easy chair" which he had occupied during the session.

Letter from Gloversville.

FRIEND HUMPHRIES:—Knowing that you take a great interest in everything pertaining to Sunday-schools which has a tendency to create an interest in them among the community at large, I will briefly state how the Sunday-school children and their parents were entertained at the Presbyterian church in this place, preceding and during Christmas.

First, as a prelude, the pastor's Bible class, some twenty-five in number, called on him Thursday evening, and after passing a social hour presented him as a token of his faithfulness as their teacher, a complete set of Dickens' works, (15 volumes) elegantly bound and finely illustrated.

The programme on Christmas Eve was as follows: Forty body slips were reserved for the children and their teachers. A table was run the whole length between the two tiers of slips, on which was deposited 100 loaves of cake and a tall supply of apples, pop corn and raisins. The teachers took their places at the head of their classes, next to the table. After being called to order by the Superintendent, appropriate pieces were sung, and a comic recitation describing the manner of Santa Claus, calling on the little folks to bestow his presents, and give a Christmas greeting. At this juncture an unusual noise was heard in the porch and an improvised Santa Claus entered, enveloped in furs with a profusion of balls, whose rattle seemed like confusion confounded. This brought every one to their feet, and delighted the children greatly. He bore two huge bags; in one of them was a mixed package of candies, raisins and figs for each of the two hundred children present (many were prevented from attending on account of a driving snow storm), and the other bag contained a variety of presents from the scholars to their teachers, and a fine imitation-bronze, fourteen-day, mantle clock for the Secretary and Treasurer of the school. Each teacher dealt out as evenly as they could the ration to each child in a paper horn. After the children were all served, cake and pop corn were passed around to their friends. It was a very enjoyable time for both old and young. The festivities closed with some fine pieces of instrumental music played by a Boston professor to the admiration of all.

The services Sunday evening were expressly for the children. They were seated in the body slips with their teachers. First the whole congregation with their pastor, repeated the 23d Psalm then an appropriate hymn was sung, and a prayer was offered at the close of which the whole congregation joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer. The foundation of the pastor's remarks was the "Hol Child Jesus." He questioned the children as to Christ's birth-place, who proclaimed his advent, his father's occupation, they fleeing with him to Egypt, his arguing with the Jewish notables in the Temple at the time of the great passover explained to them the country about Bethlehem and the cities of Nazareth and Jerusalem, and the delicious fruits of that region, and the beautiful scenery of that region. He told them that we were wont to think of Christ only as the mature man; that he was once a little, tiny boy, then the larger boy, and lastly the fully developed man, when he entered the ministry. They were exhorted to practice the precepts which Christ laid down to be observed by his followers, and to inculcate habits of industry, idleness leads to immorality and crime. Industrious habits joined to economy will make you self-sustaining, and the child that is loyal to the family rule will make a loyal citizen to good government.

HURAN WALKER.

Gloversville, Dec. 28th, 1875.

Jurors Drawn.

The following grand and petit jurors have been drawn for the Circuit Court and Oyer and Terminer, to be held at the Court House, in Oswego, commencing Jan. 17th, Hon. James Noxon, presiding.

GRAND JURORS.

Felix M. Rice, S. B. Dutton, Patrick Powers, Elijah D. Chapman, Granby; Samuel Randall, Hannibal; Wm. H. Kieffer, Richard Butterfield, C. Cusick, Lyman Coon, Dwight Herrick, John McGrath, Thomas Hennessey, Edward Hendrick, Michael Hogan, Peter J. Poyer, Peter Moran, James Pappa, Oswego city; Alfred H. Greenwood, Oswego town; Eli G. Palmer, John Don

Indiana Notes.

Nature has been as frugal here about bestowing her usual winter gifts as at the Central New York Institution. She has not yet given us quite an inch of snow. The boys and girls, especially those from Northern Indiana, think it very strange that winter has advanced thus far and so little snow has fallen. We have not had very bitter cold weather but once. The mercury then fell some degrees below zero. Old Jack Frost penetrated every nook and corner and froze everything by his touch. His influence was so powerful and irresistible that an ordinary fire was useless. It was so sudden and unexpected that no one was ready for it, and nobody was used to it, although it was not really very cold, everybody thought it was the coldest weather they had ever experienced in their lives. It lasted only one day, and the next one it relaxed, as it had exhausted its vigor too fast to last long. By a week before Christmas the weather had become warm and pleasant. Thus far with that one exception, this fall and winter has been a regular Indian summer.

About sixty pupils went home to spend the holidays with their parents and friends. There was no Christmas tree here, but there was something else more suitable for the deaf and dumb children, and that was Santa Claus in person. He came in a handsome sleigh drawn by the finest horses. His coat and head were quite covered with snow as he had just come from the north. Before distributing the presents he made a little speech, which was very appropriate. He said he had traveled over a distance of sixty miles without snow, which was the cause of his lateness. He was such a conspicuous sight that two or three small boys and girls actually were so frightened that they fainted away. Many games were played, and the party broke up at 9 p. m. The were a number of deaf-mutes and hearing persons present.

Your correspondent received a letter from Mr. Henry Townsend, of Juncosboro, Indiana, containing the sad intelligence that his beloved sister had left him and her friends to return no more.

Three lady graduates of this institution were present at the party Christmas night, viz., Miss Anna M. Ross, of Frankfort, Ind., Miss Ellen Armstrong and Mrs. Anna Griesheimer, wife of a fruit man, of Indianapolis. There were also present Mr. and Mrs. Kingsbury, of the city, and Mr. Wm. Hack, a botanical gardener and fruit and vegetable raiser. Has been in this business since he graduated from this institution. It is a very lucrative occupation and he is doing well. He made several handsome Christmas presents to his deaf-mute friends.

Christmas was celebrated by the pupils and teachers in almost the same way as usual. Your correspondent had two invitations for the day, but of course could accept but one.

Mr. J. L. Johnston, of Mahomet, Ill., is here on a visit. He is a painter by trade and a first class business man.

The old year is drawing to a close and the new year is about to begin.

A CORRESPONDENT.
Indianapolis, Dec. 30th, 1875.

A Visit to the Institution for Deaf Mutes in Buffalo.

(From the Rochester Daily Union and Advertiser, Dec. 10th, 1875.)

BUFFALO, Dec. 6, 1875.

We visited not long since the "Leconteux St. Mary's Institute," of this city, and send you the following sketch of our observations, which may perhaps be of interest to some among your readers: It is a State institution for the improved instruction of deaf-mutes, and is under the charge of a community of Catholic religious known as the Sisters of St. Joseph.

In point of location it has every advantage that could be desired. It is situated on Edward street, quite near the church of the Immaculate Conception. It is of red brick, plainly and strongly built, and has a front of one hundred and eighty-eight feet on Edward street. The edifice consists of four connected buildings; the main building having four stories and basement. A addition recently made on the west end is of the same height as the main building. A similar addition is contemplated for the east end, and when this has been made the edifice will present quite a symmetrical appearance.

We were cordially received by Mother Mary Anne, the amiable directress of the institution, and in compliance with our request, she kindly conducted us through the house, and told us something of the early days and difficulties of the work, which has now attained proportions so fair and success so encouraging.

The parlor, reception rooms and apartments of the religious are notable for the extreme neatness and simplicity of their arrangement.

In the basement, where the dining-rooms both of the sisters and pupils, the kitchen, store-room, pantries, wash-rooms, ironing rooms, &c., are located, we observed the careful and abundant provision made for the health and comfort of this large and well-ordered household.

We saw the dormitories, dressing-rooms, school-rooms and play-rooms of the pupils, and here everything testified of a thoughtfulness truly maternal exercised in behalf of these afflicted children, and making their surroundings not merely clean and convenient, but home-like and attractive.

There are at present about eighty pupils in the house, all of whom are boarders. Both boys and girls are received, but a strict separation is maintained between them, except in the school, where the pupils are classified simply according to their intellectual advancement.

The entrance of visitors does not interrupt the classes, so we were enabled to gain an insight into the system of instruction employed in this institution,

and we were deeply interested by the exercises going on in the different school-rooms which we visited. The school is divided into four departments corresponding to the four years' course of instruction. The class-rooms of the first and second years' course are on the first floor; those of the third and fourth years on the second floor.

In the two former, the less advanced pupils are instructed in those studies suited to their age and capacity, while in the latter are taught, besides the necessary branches of education, Sacred and Profane History, Natural Philosophy, Composition, &c. We read some of the uncorrected compositions of these pupils. The simplicity and directness with which they write of the little events which diversify their daily existence is really touching and admirable.

Instruction is conveyed to the pupils by means of signs and writing. They are also carefully exercised in articulation by means of visible speech. For the benefit of those who do not understand this expression we will explain it briefly.

Deaf-mutes possessing the organs of speech, and being able to utter sounds, can be taught to articulate words and sentences, as has been successfully demonstrated in numerous instances. But as they cannot be made to hear even the loudest noise, their understanding must be reached through the medium of sight. The teacher first makes on the blackboard, a rough sketch of the throat, lips and tongue. There are characters corresponding to the letters of the alphabet, and indicating the position which the organs of voice must assume in the articulation of said letters. The pupils learn these characters, and, aided by the persevering efforts of their instructors, who herself articulates the letters, as she points to the symbols on the board, they at length become able to utter words in an intelligible manner. When deaf-mutes are sent to the institution at an early age, much may be done for them in this regard. In the Leconteux Institution one, religious, devotes herself specially to giving lessons in articulation by means of visible speech, taking classes in order from the different departments during the entire school session. The pupils are taught to read according to this method; but in their other studies, instruction is given and recitations made by writing or by signs.

In many institutions for deaf-mutes, the use of the sign language is now discontinued; but in the Leconteux Institution it is retained, the teachers being desirous of imparting necessary information to the minds of their charges as rapidly and in as many ways as possible, and also of teaching them facility in communicating their thoughts. Some there are among the pupils, who, by reason of more limited intelligence or more advanced age, find much difficulty in learning to articulate, and for these especially the sign language is indispensable.

There are five sisters employed in the school, with an assistant teacher, a young lady, herself a deaf-mute, who has been an inmate of the house since her childhood.

Other members of the community take charge of the pupils out of school hours, superintending their recreations and instructing them at appointed hours in various branches of industry. The girls learn to operate on the sewing machine; they are taught plain and ornamental needle work, knitting, tapestry work, &c. Pupils who wish to learn wax flower making can do so, but this accomplishment is not included in the course. The boys are also provided with suitable industrial occupations. All the pupils receive drawing lessons. They get plenty of out-door exercise, and look healthy and happy.

Before leaving the institution we visited the chapel; it is spacious and lofty; is situated on the third story of the west end building, extending up into the fourth story. It can accommodate about two hundred and fifty persons. The altars are of handsome workmanship and of chaste and exquisite coloring; the frescoes are very nice, those on the sanctuary walls being particularly delicate and beautiful. The prie-dieus of the religious are arranged to the right and left in the front of the chapel. These are separated from the seats occupied by the pupils by a broad aisle extending across the chapel. At the end of this aisle stands a reversible blackboard, on which the Gospel and Epistle of the Sunday or Festival are written in plain and legible characters. The pupils' seats are raised so as to afford them an unobstructed view of all that transpires in the sanctuary. They assemble in the chapel at stated times for mass and exercises of devotion, and to receive religious instruction. The Sister stands in the dividing aisle already referred to, and communicates to the children by means of signs, the necessary instruction. When a sermon is preached in the chapel she interprets it to them in the same manner. The pupils of this institution are almost without exception Roman Catholics.

The Directress and the teachers are enthusiastic in their interest in the welfare and improvement of their charges, and spare no pains to maintain their institute at a high standard of excellence. They visit from time to time the principal institutions for the instruction of deaf-mutes, both in the United States and Canada. When conventions of the teachers of deaf-mutes are assembled, the Leconteux Institute is always represented; and in all things the Sisters keep up with the exigencies of the times.

It is but a few years since this institution passed under State control and supervision. We would far exceed our limits, did we portray even briefly the struggles, labors and privations that were cheerfully undergone by the religious, from its opening in 1859, first to preserve its existence, and afterwards to supply its growing wants, as the sphere of its beneficent action widened.

Since the action of the Legislature in its regard, it has maintained a prosperous condition in temporal matters. The

work has always been crowned with that special blessing which rests on any noble enterprise to which lives are generously and unreservedly devoted. H.

New York Deaf and Dumb Institution.

A FORMER PUPIL'S ACCOUNT OF THE CAUSES OF EPIDEMICS AT THE INSTITUTION.

The following communication was found in the N. Y. Herald, of Dec. 28th, and also in several newspapers in Brooklyn:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—The columns of the Herald are always open to the public for criticism and corrections, and now I take the liberty to say a word or two in reference to the outbreak of typhoid fever in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, which is situated on Eleventh avenue and 162d street.

I am a graduate of the above institution and was under a six years' course of instruction. While I was there I was under Dr. Rodenstein's and Dr. Brooks' care and not under Dr. Porter's, the present Superintendent and resident physician, for he was chosen in the year 1872, I think. During my time I saw many outbreaks of epidemics. Twice the typhoid fever appeared—once in an alarming form, but only fifteen pupils out of 580 died, and the fever was soon under control. This appeared at the time Dr. Rodenstein had charge. Such outbreaks are not, I believe, caused by the new road and the water in the cave, as Dr. Porter lately stated to a reporter of the Herald. I think that the causes of such outbreaks are the following:—While a pupil myself I saw that the floor of the boys' washroom was always wet and the walls damp. The sitting-room in which the boys study is very large and airy, but the desks are close together, and the pupils are not pleased to sit so close. During cold weather great difficulty is experienced in heating this room to a comfortable temperature. This sitting room is warmed by steam pipes, which run around it and are adjusted to the walls.

The school-rooms on the third tier have of late been changed into bedrooms, and they are as large as our common cooking rooms. In these rooms a large number of pupils sleep, and it is known that the air at night is very unpleasant—the windows being closed—and injurious to the health of the occupants. In each of the other dormitories there is a very large number of boys, of all sizes and ages, sleeping not more than two feet apart on iron beds; and when cold weather sets in, it is difficult to warm these dormitories to a comfortable temperature, and the breathing which comes from each sleeper seems to be of a bitter nature, for one person's breathing differs from another's. Nearly every dormitory and room in the building has a sink, and when the pipes are broken the stench is awful. There is a small house adjoining the privy vault; garbage of every description is emptied therein, and the stench that arises from it is both unpleasant and unhealthy to the pupils, and it is a constant cause of death or sickness to the inmates. The stench is taken away by a colored man in an open wagon; but what is done with it is not known to me. The pond just below the institution is very unhealthy, and ought at once to be filled. When the river falls mud is only visible, and the stench is clearly manifested to the pupils when the wind drives it over the premises. The pupils, of whatever age they may be, indulge in sports in winter, and they even do not care for the rainy days. It is mostly in winter when they get their feet wet, and being unable to change their wet stockings in the day time they hang them on the steam pipes in the sitting room to get them dry; but most of them do not care whether they catch cold or not, and therefore keep their wet stockings on through the day. The supervisors and managers know of this, and whenever the pupils want to change their clothes they ought to be allowed to do so. Often when the pupils cannot find their clean underwear on Saturdays or Sundays they keep their dirty ones on for another week or so, and I ask if this is healthy. In the bathing room there is a large basin filled with water, in which each class has a turn to bathe every Saturday; but the water is not changed for each class. In this stagnant water all the boys bathe, and is not this unhealthy? When a pupil complains of being sick he is sent to the sick room, where other patients are placed, and it is not known what disease or sickness he has till he grows a little worse or till the nurse calls on him. For instance, should a person have the typhoid fever he is sent to the sick room. Before the typhoid fever patient is closely examined one or more of the other patients are laid up with the fever. Why do not such persons have a close examination before being sent there to spread the disease?

The managers know all about the above, and therefore a plea of ignorance on their part would be a plea of guilt. Whenever the pupils appear before some one to complain there is always on the side of the oppressor power, and for the oppressed there is no help, and everything is "choked off." The institution is unlike other ones, for it will be seen that sickness of some kind breaks out at it nearly every year. This institution is very popular, and is a great gift to the metropolis; it has imparted the blessings of an education to more than 2,450 deaf-mutes since its opening in 1818, and has elevated many deaf-mutes to the pinnacle of ordinary intellectual abilities. It is certain that Dr. Porter, the Superintendent, does not want such trifles known to the public, for it is a continuous source of trouble, because the parents and friends of the pupils go to the school after hearing of the epidemic, and only return with joy after finding their children doing well; but some are so alarmed that they take their children home for better care. This is all nonsense; for it is a great loss to the State,

because each pupil over twelve years old receives \$300 a year for board and \$30 for clothing, beside medical care; and when the fever breaks out, and proves of a severe character, the pupils are sent home for a month or so and during that time a portion of their \$330 is laid away; and as they have a course of eight years, part of their time is spent for nothing; and, should they go home every fall for one month in every year they would lose eight months' instruction. In conclusion, I would like to say that I have no bitter feelings against the Superintendent or principal or any of the managers of the institution; but I write this for the benefit of the readers of the Herald as well as the parents and friends of the pupils. Hoping you will give this publicity, I remain respectfully yours,

W. A. BOND, Graduate '72.

Brooklyn, Dec. 21, 1875.

UNION SQUARE.

All looking for winter, and many desiring very much to have not less than a foot of the "beautiful," rather than the bare and frozen ground. There are several log jobs and hauling of wood waiting the coming of sleighing.

The steam mill is now running, and is cutting hard wood plank for Mr. S. N. Gustin, of Mexico, he having a large contract for the manufacture of horse-pokes.

Our wood houses are generally well filled with good dry wood, and the present fine weather is being well improved in cutting wood for the future. This is as it should be. The good housewife has enough to vex her without being tormented with green wood, and perhaps not enough of that.

Farmers have been clearing up and cultivating the roadsides along their respective farms for the past few years. This is an improvement worthy of note, and it is to be hoped that this work will continue until all the old rubbish, elders and noxious weeds will disappear.

It will be remembered that some of the Western papers stated that a Mr. Wm. Weston and family were on their way, traveling in an emigrant wagon from Nebraska to Watertown, New York. They passed here to-day and from Mr. W. we obtained the following items: They left Hamilton Co., Nebraska, in the fore part of September last, and have been on the road most of the time since. Have averaged about twenty miles per day. En route they crossed the Missouri river at Plattsmouth and the Mississippi at Burlington; thence via Galesburgh, Galva, Aurora, Chicago, Toledo, Erie, Buffalo to Syracuse and expect to reach Watertown to-morrow. The family consists of Mr. Weston and wife and three children, and all looked healthy—not a symptom of dyspepsia was to be seen. Their effects consisted of a stove, clock, bedding and a coon, a native of Nebraska, and three horses. They had cooked, eaten and slept in their wagon ever since they left Nebraska. They spoke of times being hard where they had lived and many were leaving that part of the country.

H.
Union Square, Dec. 30th, 1875.

The Annual Meeting.

Of the Oswego County Agricultural Society was held at the Mayo House, Mexico, December 29, 1875.

The President and Vice-President being absent, the Secretary called the society to order.

On motion E. Trowbridge was elected chairman.

Moved and carried that the society adjourn till 1 o'clock p. m.

1 o'clock p. m.—Chairman presiding. The reading of the Treasurer's report, on motion accepted and placed on record.

Moved and carried that the house proceed to ballot for officers. L. H. Conklin in a short speech briefly reviewed the embarrassments and difficulties experienced in the past, also some of the qualifications requisite to make successful officers in the future.

On motion, the chair appointed S. Newell and L. L. Virgil tellers, and the house proceeded to ballot for officers with the following result:

President—Hon. Henry J. Daggett, New Haven.

Vice President—John J. Hart, Oswego.

Moved that the house change the order of the election, and ballot for Secretary, resulting in electing H. L. Barton, who asked to be excused, having served four years as clerk, and three as Secretary, seeing little or nothing of the fair during seven years, and anticipating being absent from home about fair time, thanking the society for past favors, ending with declining a re-election. On motion his resignation was accepted, and Newton Hall, Mexico, elected instead.

L. H. Conklin was then unanimously elected Treasurer, when he desired to be excused, having served the society as an officer for twenty years, a longer period than any other person, and at no small sacrifice of time, labor and money, during most of the time without reward, carrying the society successfully through debts, embarrassments and litigation incident to the new organization to its present prosperous condition, owning 29½ acres of land, with good substantial buildings, out of debt, money in the treasury, and now there were plenty of younger men fully competent to fill the position, and thanking them for their confidence and the favors of the past, wishing their success in the future, he modestly retired, declining a re-election, nominating Mr. John Whyborn, Mexico, as successor.

The house, after expressing its regrets, accepted his resignation, and elected Mr. Whyborn as Treasurer, Messrs Seymour C. Davis, Orwell, and Wm. S. Lansing, Palermo, Directors, and S. R. Spooner, Mexico, General Superintendent.

Moved and carried that this meeting adjourn without date.

E. TROWBRIDGE, Chairman.
H. L. BARTON, Secretary.

What it Costs to Run the County Legislature.

The committee to settle with the supervisors allowed the following amounts in their report, which was adopted:

Albion,	Charles F. Comstock,	\$171 00
Amboy,	Thomas Laing,	174 00
Boydston,	J. A. Odekerk,	171 30
Constantia,	George Harding,	181 08
Granby,	John C. Wells,	162 79
Hamburg,	E. H. Boyd,	162 46
Hastings,	T. W. Green,	164 04
Mexico,	William J. Menter,	153 38
New Haven,	Henry J. Daggett,	130 76
Orwell,	H. H. Potter,	160 84
Oswego,	Lyman Coats,	149 16
Oswego C. E. S.,	N. M. Rowe,	165 00
	John Smith, Sr.,	165 00
	William McChesney,	165 00
	John Clary,	175 00
Oswego C. W. S.,	B. Balch,	175 00
	John Gardiner,	175 00
Palermo,	George Hancock,	159 30
Paris,	Harry Foley,	163 96
Redfield,	L. L. Fleming,	181 52
Richland,	W. B. Dixon,	162 00
Sandy Creek,	Hamilton E. Root,	156 40
Schroon,	Hiram Fox,	168 24
Scriba,	J. B. Sewell,	153 44
Volney,	John W. Francis,	189 26
West Monroe,	J. A. Webb,	155 60
Williamstown,	J. M. Selden,	181 20
Total,		\$4,497 26
Add Clerk's salary,		400 00
Grand total,		\$4,897 26

—One Paladium.

NEW HAVEN.

For the past week we have had most beautiful weather for this season of the year. Yet as the typhoid fever has been raging in our midst, it seems poor weather for the sufferers. There have been a great number of cases, and some of them very hard to contend with, though not fatal. Eva, the one whose death is elsewhere recorded, was a case where disease did its work with despatch. Only three days before her death she was playing in the beautiful sunlight, with all the bloom and brightness of childhood's innocence. Being dearly loved by all who knew her, her death is greatly mourned, and much sympathy is tendered to the bereaved parents.

W. W.

New Haven, Dec. 28, 1875.

STILL ANOTHER COMPLIMENT.—Last week we published quite a compliment that was paid to Mr. W. J. Menter by the Board of Supervisors, and this week we have the pleasure of publishing another compliment, paid him by the Board, of a very flattering character. The Times, in its report of the doings of the Board, at the close of the session, on Friday last, says:—

Mr. Root introduced a vote of thanks to Supervisor W. J. Menter, of Mexico, for his efficient services to the Board during the session, his courtesy, his attention to public duties, and for the value to the county of his experienced ability and labors.

The resolution was adopted unanimously, and Mr. Menter, taken entirely by surprise, replied briefly and appropriately, modestly thanking the Board for this unexpected compliment.

The Times, in alluding to the above-mentioned vote, remarks:—

Supervisor Menter was highly complimented by the Board in the unanimous passage of Mr. Root's resolution. It was an unusual thing to do,—to publicly thank, by resolution, a merely private member of a public body, for efficiency in labors in which they are all supposed to participate. But it was as well deserved as it was unusual. Mr. Menter is the farthest thing possible from a merely "talking member," but he is emphatically a working member. He has great experience in county matters, is clear headed and efficient, and his services in a Board with a large sprinkling of "new member" has been invaluable. The resolution was all the more complimentary, coming from a democrat, passed by a democratic board, as Mr. Menter is an uncompromising Republican.

Last Thursday evening there was held in the Presbyterian church, in this village, a very pleasant gathering. It was the occasion of giving a treat to the Infant Class of that church, and of holding a church social or "visiting meeting." The Lecture-room, where the refreshments were served, was beautifully adorned with pictures and evergreens, and looked very inviting. The Christmas tree, too, bountifully laden, was a very pretty sight. After prayer, and singing by the children, led by Mr. Orvis, with Miss Fannie Becker at the organ, the distribution of presents took place, which was attended with considerable merriment. After the distribution of the presents, a quartette, "Good Night," was very beautifully sung by Misses Lilla Trowbridge, Mary Bennett, Mr. Orvis and John King. The company then adjourned to the Lecture-room and were waited upon to refreshments. During the evening members of the Helicon band joined the company and discoursed sweet music, for which thanks are heartily given them. The social feature was a marked one, and everybody seemed to be having a good time. A new departure was taken in regard to the refreshments; they were free to all who chose to partake. It was a very pleasant coming together, both of old and young, and we hope for another not a great while hence.

An advertisement of Vick's "Flower and Vegetable Garden" will be found in another column. It is an elegant work of its kind, and well high indispensable to the cultivator.

The employees in the office of the Paliski Democrat presented its editor and proprietor with a richly chased Masonic scarf pin, set with seven brilliant stones, as a Christmas present. Friend Muzzy well deserves such treatment.

Joseph Simons, of this village, has been appointed Deputy Sheriff. Mr. Simons has before occupied this position, and proved himself a very efficient officer, being prompt, energetic and discreet. He entered upon the discharge of his duties on the 1st inst.

The trade of Cobb Bro's for the past year was one-third larger than it has been during any preceding twelve months for the past six or seven years. This increase during these times of financial depression, they attribute to the adoption of the short-credit system and liberal and judicious advertising.

M. L. Wright, Esq., has returned from Washington. He looks all the better for his trip.

News of the Week.

Sir Edward Thornton, umpire of the United States and Mexico, awards \$683,000 to the Abra Silver Mining Company, New York.

The British steamer Dante, from Liverpool for Bombay, while going down St. George's Channel yesterday came in collision with the Gronsvaer, and the steamer sank, twenty-three persons being drowned.

A detective has arrived in Liverpool from Bremen to investigate the operations of Thomassen, alias Thomas, author of the dynamite plot.

The German press, with but one exception has withdrawn its unfavorable comments on American civilization in connection with the dynamite plot. The Moulton-Beecher council has been called for Jan. 18.

Quebec celebrated the centennial of the repulse of the Americans before that city, Friday.

Efforts will be made by the German government to stop the sale of American medical diplomas.

It has just come to light that some inmates of the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary have been making counterfeit nickels and giving them to the warden's boy to make purchases.

At Cheever one bed, Sunday, Mrs. James Buzzell killed her husband in an altercation.

The Mexican claims commission will award two million dollars to Mexican claimants, and six millions to claimants in the United States.

Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, has written a letter to a gentleman in Washington saying that his State will present his name to the National Democratic Convention in 1876 as nominee for Vice-President.

George W. Schuyler, of Ithaca, has been appointed Auditor of the Canal Department in place of Thayer, removed.

Monroe S. Minster, an employee of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, killed his wife, child and himself Wednesday at No. 346 West Fifty-third street.

The National Rifle Association of Great Britain has accepted the challenge of the New York Rifle Association to take part in the match for small-bore to be held in this country during the Centennial celebration.

John Bullock, aged 105, died at Bristol, R. I., Monday.

William Sutherland was killed by a boiler explosion at Steubenville, Ohio, Monday.

The British training ship, War Sprite, burned in the Thames, Monday.

Lieutenant Governor Caron, of Quebec, gave 1,200 to the destitute of Quebec, instead of the usual New Year's ball; this was increased to \$1,700 by the Mayor of Quebec.

The celebration of the centennial New Year's Day was general all through the country. The weather was noted as being remarkably warm at every point heard from.

The debt statement for December shows an increase of \$1,915,062.90, compared with an increase during December, 1874 of \$3,659,967.88.

Both Houses of the Legislature organized Tuesday. In the Senate Lieutenant Governor Dorsheimer made an address of welcome; after which Henry A. Glidden was elected clerk, John W. Corning sergeant-at-arms, and Wm. H. Robertson president pro tem. The Governor's message was read. Mr. Woodin introduced a bill repealing the law authorizing the issuing of diplomas by the Sisterhood of Grey Nuns. In the Assembly James W. Husted was elected speaker. The Governor's message was read.

The preliminary census report, as presented by the Secretary of State, gives the aggregate population of the State at 4,705,208; 329,679 being aliens and 4,880 Indians. Total number of voters is 1,138,330; 743,082 of whom are natives. The ratio of voters in the aggregate population is about one in four.

The Mark Lane Express in its review of the European grain market says that 1875 was a year of deficiency and inferiority.

The Catholics in Germany propose to celebrate the day of Archbishop Ledochowski's liberation from prison, which will be the 3d of February next.

AN EXCELLENT PORTRAIT.—Many of our readers are aware that Miss Emma N. Beebe, of this village, has attained an enviable reputation as a landscape painter. And now we have the pleasure of chronicling her success as a portrait painter. She has already completed several portraits, one of which is that of the late John W. Chandler. It is a painting of great merit, evincing rare skill and proficiency. Mrs. Chandler had it on exhibition at the deaf-mute festival, the other evening, and it attracted much attention. Dr. Gallaudet and others spoke of it in the highest terms.

G. G. French, Esq., has received a letter from Dr. and Mrs. George R. Metcalf, dated at Edinburgh, Dec. 16, stating that they were about ten days on the Atlantic, and had a fair voyage. Though Mrs. Metcalf is a lover of the beautiful, she did not see much beauty in the Atlantic, as she suffered from sea sickness through the entire voyage. At the time the letter was written they intended to spend Christmas in London, and after staying in that city a few days, will start for Germany. Their many friends will be glad to know that they are both well.

The trade of Cobb Bro's for the past year was one-third larger than it has been during any preceding twelve months for the past six or seven years. This increase during these times of financial depression, they attribute to the adoption of the short-credit system and liberal and judicious advertising.

M. L. Wright, Esq., has returned from Washington. He looks all the better for his trip.

"Facts are Stubborn Things."

Thousands of human beings are yearly borne on the swift current of disease down to the grave, just because they do not possess a sufficient knowledge of themselves. A man meets his neighbor, and the first salutation is, "How are you?" or "How is your health?" The reply frequently is, "O, I am well, with the exception of a cold." Most persons lightly regard a cold. Reader, do you know that a cold is one of the most dangerous of maladies? A cold not only clogs the pores of the entire system, and retards circulation, but it is productive of Catarrh, which is quite apt to lead to Consumption. "Oh," you say, "it is nothing but a cold in my head." True; but that cold is really a mild form of Catarrh, and if not arrested in its course will become chronic. Catarrh is one of the most disagreeable, offensive affections in the catalogue of diseases. The passage to the nose is obstructed, the sense of smell impaired, and there is a disagreeable sensation of pressure in the head. In the more advanced stages, there is a discharge having an offensive odor. If the disease be allowed to continue in its course, thick, hard incrustations will form in the head, the bones of which sometimes become softened and break away in pieces. Why will persons continue to suffer from such an annoying, disgusting disease, when they can just as well be cured of it? Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure the worst forms of Catarrh; in fact, it is the only safe and safe remedy which has yet been offered

